

Fooling Around

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Category: Madam Secretary

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Elizabeth M., Henry M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 07:48:54

Updated: 2016-04-12 07:48:54

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:22:52

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,993

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Elizabeth and Henry finish what they started. Post 2x19. Smut!

## Fooling Around

Author's note: Hi! It looks like the last few episodes of season 2 are going to hit me pretty hard, so consider this my way of cushioning the blow with some extra fluff, which happens to be smutty :). I wrote this rather quickly after watching 2x19, so I hope the story comes across decently. I was so glad to see some playful intimacy between Elizabeth and Henry, but then (of course) Stevie had to come interrupt (speaking of Stevie... I'm not the only who doesn't 100% trust Jareth, right?). Anyway, I hope you enjoy, and I would absolutely love to know what you think, so please review! :)

\* \* \*

><p>After a delicious meal at a casual dinner spot, Elizabeth, Henry, and Stevie McCord returned home to a quiet house.<p>

"Goodnight, Jareth! Drive safe!" Elizabeth called enthusiastically as she shut the front door. She smiled and turned to see her daughter glancing back, a \_really, Mom?\_ expression across her face. "What? That wasn't too much, was it?" Elizabeth consulted Henry, who stood beside Stevie with a similar smirk.

"Not as bad as buying him the boots, but you didn't have to sound so excited," Stevie explained.

Henry wrapped an arm around his daughter's shoulders. "Well, at least he knows we like him enough to make sure he drives safely." Elizabeth and Henry laughed in unison, and Stevie couldn't help but smile. Her parents were such weird dorks when it came to Jareth.

"Very funny, guys. Goodnight." Stevie hugged her parents briefly

before heading upstairs to her bedroom.

"Ready for bed, babe?" Henry gazed over to his wife, who seemed to be inching away to the kitchen.

"Go on up, I'll be there in a second." She winked and scurried off.

Curious, he entered the kitchen and found her with her nose in the freezer. "Still hungry?"

She produced a carton of chocolate ice cream, then two spoons from behind her back. "I was going to bring it up to bed to share, you know."

Henry smiled and joined her on top of the island counter. He accepted the spoon she offered and opened the ice cream container to find it almost empty. "Looks like someone's been stress-eating," he joked.

She dug in and brought a spoonful of cold, sweet chocolate to her lips. "Sometimes I get lonely late at night," she played along. It was true, though; Elizabeth often turned to ice cream to relax after arriving home from an exhausting work day.

Henry continued to absentmindedly eat ice cream from between their laps and turned toward Elizabeth. "So, in your professional ex-CIA analyst opinion, what do you think of Jareth?"

She reached in for another heaping spoonful. "I think he and Stevie are happy together."

Henry paused to think for a moment. "Yeah, but I don't know, there's just something about..." he paused. "You know what I mean?"

"He did seem a little anxious the other day when I caught him on the street." She swirled the rich chocolate cream in her mouth and swallowed. "But it was probably just me coming on too strong, or whatever Stevie said I was doing."

"I guess," Henry agreed, still feeling protective of his daughter. Jareth was a great guy — very much preferable to Harrison Dalton, in Henry's opinion — but lately something about him was catching Henry's attention, he just wasn't quite sure what it was.

"Don't worry about it, baby," Elizabeth assured her husband. "We trust Stevie, remember?"

They continued devouring their ice cream in a comfortable silence, individually reflecting on a long week at work. After a few minutes, Henry sneakily took the last bite of ice cream, then dropped his spoon in the empty container to signify that there was none left for Elizabeth.

"Hey!" She squinted at him, and he smirked back at her in a way he knew she couldn't resist. He slipped his foot between her ankles and playfully teased her with his toes running up her pant leg. Seeking revenge, she pressed her lips against his so suddenly that he had to pull back for air after a few seconds.

"What was that for?" he asked coyly, tossing the empty ice cream container and spoons into the sink a couple of feet away.

"You took the last bite of my ice cream!"

"\_Your\_ ice cream?"

"I also just really like kissing you."

"Well, I can't argue if you say \_that\_." Their lips collided once again, this time with more intense passion. Henry's tongue explored the intricacies of Elizabeth's mouth, tasting decadent chocolate on her soft lips. She rested her arms on Henry's shoulders, leaning him backwards. "Elizabeth, hold on." Seated atop a hard kitchen counter wasn't the most comfortable position to make out in, nor would it allow them sufficient space to have sex, which they both knew was the task at hand. "Let's go up to bed, babe."

Elizabeth kept her fingers laced behind Henry's neck. "But I'm not tired."

He raised an eyebrow at her. The lust in her stunning cerulean eyes told him she wanted him to persuade her. "Who said we're going to \_sleep\_ in bed?"

"Henry, the kids will hear us," she argued, now slowly running her fingertips through his hair. "I want to finish what we started on the couch." She noticed his reluctance and added, "come on, we haven't had sex on a couch since college."

"Not true," Henry disputed, rising to follow Elizabeth into the living room. As he struggled to think of an instance of couch sex since college, he was distracted by the mesmerizing movement of Elizabeth's hips. The beautiful woman he was lucky enough to call his wife strode with enough confidence and sexiness to make him hard.

She nudged him to sit down, then straddled his lap comfortably. His lack of focus was obvious. "Still trying to remember our last time on a couch? I promise, baby, it was back in college." Knowing Henry wouldn't stop racking his brain until he proved her incorrect, Elizabeth moved to seductively remove her blouse before him, giving him something to focus his eyes on as his mind raced. Her dark blue lace bra was revealed, and his eyes widened in excitement. It was one of his favorites to see her in, mostly because it perfectly complimented the hue of her eyes.

Elizabeth moved Henry's palms up to grasp her breasts through her bra, and she pressed their lips together, softly prodding at his tongue with hers. She released a throaty moan, feeling Henry's arousal increasing under her lap. He squeezed her breasts gently, using his thumbs to circle her hardened nipples. She pulled away and gave him an especially wicked grin. Her hands slid down to his chest, then his waist, and finally settled on the hard bulge at his crotch. She cupped him and carefully dismounted his lap to stand immediately in front of him.

"Babe, what're youâ€" Before Henry could complete the thought, he saw that Elizabeth had swiftly unfastened his pants and moved them down to his knees. His erection pressed against his grey boxers, hard

and throbbing. Elizabeth skillfully slipped Henry's length through the slit of his underwear. She wrapped a hand around him and rubbed it back and forth, making sure to move slowly. Henry moaned softly in response to her perfect touch, desperately craving more.

As Elizabeth's hand traveled down to cup Henry's balls, she tilted her head and brought her lips to his cock. "Mmm...so \_hard\_," she spoke softly, intensifying Henry's desire for her. She dragged her wet tongue down to his tip and sucked gently.

"Oh, Elizabeth..." Henry moaned, his breaths coming in pants. Her crouched manner at his knees was one of the sexiest positions he had ever seen her in. "You feel \_amazing\_, babe."

Elizabeth grinned and took Henry's hard member deeper into her mouth, his tip almost in her throat. She sucked tenderly, teasing before she moved her head back again. Her tongue trailed the underside of his hardness and Henry thrust his hips forward slightly, wanting her hot, wet mouth around him again.

"You like this, baby?" Elizabeth peered up alluringly, consciously denying Henry what he longed for most. She massaged his balls and rubbed her hand back and forth at the base of his erection, then returned to swirling his tip with her tongue. Henry groaned loudly, the sound sending jolts through Elizabeth's body. His response to her actions did nothing more than arouse her, so intensely that she could barely resist reaching a hand down to touch herself. "Am I going to make you come?"

"Mmm...babe..." Henry mumbled, unable to provide a proper response to Elizabeth's question. On the verge of his climax, he regained focus for a split second. "I want to come inside of you."

Elizabeth rose to her feet and allowed Henry to tear her pants away from her lean legs. She brushed her panties down her hips and leaned against the couch, Henry practically leaping to hover above her. "You are so beautiful." He gazed into her eyes as he positioned his throbbing member between her parted legs. He used a finger to spread her wetness to her clit, teasing her before slipping into her heat.

"Oh, \_yes\_..." she breathed, captivated by the sensation of Henry deep inside of her. He rocked back and forth slowly, allowing Elizabeth's arousal to build. He wanted her to come as hard as he was about to. She gripped his arms, involuntarily squeezing as each wave of pleasure washed over her trembling body. "Faster, baby..." she encouraged. He complied and pushed deeper and more quickly, both of their orgasms now dangerously near.

"Come for me," he growled, pressing his thumb to her clit. He sensed the tightness between her legs and rubbed her in circles, finally hearing her passionate cry that he loved so much.

"Yes! Henry, oh...yes, baby," she shrieked, convulsing as she lost control to her orgasm. Everything was an intense, time-stopping blur that made her feel as if she were floating.

The pressure of her tight muscles squeezing irregularly became too much for Henry, and he hit his climax within seconds of Elizabeth. "Mmm, oh, babe," he groaned, allowing his release to flow out of

him.

They slumped against the couch catching their breath, unable to move. Henry wrapped his arms around Elizabeth as she recovered, softly kissing her cheek and neck. She held onto his arm, securing their embrace until Henry sat up suddenly.

"Nine months ago!" he exclaimed abruptly, leaving Elizabeth with a look of bewilderment and confusion.

"What in the world are you talking about, Henry?"

"You said the last time we had sex on a couch was college, but it wasn't; it was nine months ago."

Elizabeth racked her brain for a memory of Henry and herself alone on a couch, but struggled to recall the instance he was referring to.

"Come on, the day the new couch - this couch," Henry pointed, "was delivered? Remember? You said it looked too lumpy and I said we ought to \_test it out\_."

"Oh my gosh," Elizabeth realized, "you're absolutely right." They weren't quite as old as she sometimes felt; they could live on the edge and have spontaneous sofa sex after being married for so long.

"And now we know that it is a quality piece of multi-use furniture."

Before they finally turned the lights out in bed that night, Henry whispered a message of gratitude in Elizabeth's ear. "Thank you for tonight. Totally changed the meaning of the phrase 'love seat'." Her smile was the last thing he saw before he fell into a deep slumber, meeting her again in his dreams.

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file.